

# The World

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## DESCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD

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## THE WORLD'S CIRCULATION FOR OCTOBER

AVERAGE PER WEEK DAY,

488,262.

AVERAGE PER SUNDAY

332,940.

GAIN OVER LAST YEAR PER WEEK DAY,

45,150.

GAIN OVER LAST YEAR PER SUNDAY,

76,290.

The Horse Show seems to be thoroughly enjoyed in both its human and equine aspects.

The crust of society will take care of itself. But the workmen's crust must be made to come from cheaper bread.

The Harlem River promises to be well bridged, and promptly. But is there ever to be that span across the Hudson?

The striking clockmakers face starvation with a spirit that compels admiration despite their frequent disorderly acts.

A particularly hot broth is spilling, through the failure of Western authorities to capture those train-robbing boys.

Was it Hugh J. Grant or Tammany Hall that spent over \$17,000 in the endeavor to tilt the ex-Mayor again upon the city?

It didn't cost E. P. Wheeler a cent to find out that he wasn't popular enough in this State to get into the gubernatorial chair.

Bacteriologist Dr. John M. Hyron has contracted consumption while experimenting with his germs. Experiments of this kind, we are sorry to see, work both ways.

Schafer is making some brilliant mass shots in the billiard tournament, but Ives is doing some brilliant massing of points, which counts for more in the long run.

Trolley cars for transportation of the mails. A splendid idea. Then a letter may be able to get up or down town in as short a time, at least, as it takes to carry one to Boston or St. Louis.

Rumor had it yesterday that John I. Davenport, of iron-cage nastiness, would succeed Byrnes as Superintendent of the New York police, and that this undesired result would be brought about by the next Legislature.

Mr. Cleveland says he and Mr. Carlisle are in perfect accord on the matter of the bond issue. So they were on the matter of Mr. Carlisle's campaign speech in New York, after the President had convinced the Secretary that he had better not speak.

"The World" has shown more than a plenty of reasons why the Governor should remove District-Attorney Fellows. The Constitution of the State gives the Governor the power to remove the objectionable Colonel. The Governor slights his duty as State Executive if he does not act now.

Chicago's police force evidently had pretty near a "400" of its own. But it wasn't a gilt-edged clique. On the contrary, over three hundred men of the number have been marked for dismissal, and more may follow. Reform takes rapidly in the Windy City. The only question is as to the endurance of its effects.

Kings County Assemblymen who declare against consanguinity do so against the wish of their constituents as expressed at the polls. That wish would be much more strongly expressed were the election to occur now. There is no doubt the triumph of reform in New York City made new friends for consanguinity in Brooklyn.

If a man draws a knife upon you in the public street, it is not enough to choke him till he is black in the face and then let him go. An ex-policeman did this in Park Row and there is reason to believe that his assailant straightaway stabbed another man. If you are fortunate enough to escape the knife and catch your man, put him on the direct road to State prison.

It is more important, at the present moment, that Fellows should get out of the District-Attorneyship than that Diver should get off the police bench, though both men should be gotten rid of as soon as possible. Diver draws the city's money while he is making no pretense, even of filling the office he is fit to fill. But Fellows was called back from Congress and made District-Attorney again simply because he had proved his ability to shirk his duty and abuse

his privileges after the fashion best serving the interests of the machine that created his political being. He is fulfilling that machine's expectations at the expense of public rights, decency and the law. Every additional moment that he remains in office is an unnecessary period of outrage upon the people whose interests he thwarts.

## THE JAPANESE JUGGLER.

It has been a long time since there has appeared on the stage of the International Variety Show so interesting and successful a juggler as Japan. With strength and dexterity entirely unexpected, he has tossed into the air armies, fleets, fortresses and walled cities, playing with them as toys. British interests and Russian interests, French interests and German interests, not to speak of Chinese interests, are being bandied about like rubber balls.

Next thing we shall probably have a great transformation act, the Chinese Empire, or at least, the Chinese dynasty, dropped into a hat and a Japanese principality pulled out, or something of that sort.

All of which is very interesting to an impartial and disinterested spectator, which, happily, the United States still is. There might be less fun in the show for us if Japan should accept Mr. Gresham's offer, and American interests thus become participant in the performance.

Watching juggling and being juggled with are entirely different things.

## UNFINISHED BUSINESS.

The Lexow Committee was to have resumed its sessions next Monday. But Mr. God is "in a very nervous and exhausted condition," according to his associate counsel's statement, and so is rescheduling the Lexow Committee. Indeed, Mr. God says it was his understanding that the Senators generally did not desire to resume before that date.

It must not be forgotten that the real object of the Committee's investigation was to purify the Police Department, not to influence politics. This work has not yet been done. The Committee has accomplished much. Its diligence and success have been remarkable. But it has done nothing as yet to substantiate its charges that the heads of the Department are implicated in and mainly responsible for its corruptions.

The guilt of a few captains and of some subordinates has seemed so clearly established by the evidence obtained through the Committee's efforts as to cause the indictment of the alleged offenders by the Grand Jury. But the exposure of the higher officers of the Department promised by the Committee has not yet been made.

It is to be hoped that the Recorder-elect will be ready to continue his excellent work on Dec. 1, and that no further delay in the "higher" work of the Committee will be necessary.

## A QUICK CHANCERY CASE.

It is generally conceded that a man who fills the highly respectable office of Judge of the Court of Chancery has before him a very comfortable, peaceful, easy-going life. There is something peculiarly quiet and calm in the general idea of a Chancery Court, to say nothing of the usually pacific, untroubled character of a judicial office of any kind, outside a Police Court.

But there are Chancery Courts and Chancery Courts, and it will not do for a non-combatant to hold the office in Tennessee and imagine he is going to live a quiet life, even if he is permitted to live at all. Here is a Chancery Judge in Nashville, Allison by name, shot dead in the corridor of the Court-House by the clerk and master of the court, whom he had discharged in order to give the place to his own son. The assassin then turned his revolver upon himself, inflicting two wounds that will prove fatal.

When told that the Judge was dead the wounded murderer expressed his satisfaction with his work. He had won his suit. But it was over quick in the case, and he was the experience in most chancery cases.

## FOLLOW THE FIGURES.

If the persons interested in finding out just what was done by the Park Commission with the one million dollar relief fund last winter will follow "The Evening World" figures patiently and closely, they will be rewarded by accomplishing what they desire.

For instance, they will find among the payments published yesterday two vouchers for \$1,000 paid to James Dempsey for "drilling holes" in rocks. To sink fourteen hundred dollars in these holes was not mulling up holes in the stomachs of starving men, and it is not probable that Dempsey was either out of work or in want of food.

Of course, in stating the amount paid out for labor, there is nothing at present to show where the labor tickets went, nor whether the laborer had purchased them of good wheelers. But all this will come in good time, and it will not be "The Evening World's" fault if every fact connected with the misapportioned and dishonest use of this great charity fund is not clearly set forth before the end is reached.

## AN OLD STORY.

How is it that persons who do treasonably and unnecessarily reckless acts suffer the daily experience of the sufferings, miseries and frequently deaths they cause?

Here is a young man who took a returned gun into Capt. Jones's fire-arm store in Sing Sing yesterday. The rule of the store is that all arms must be returned unloaded. When the lad who returned this particular gun was asked if it was unloaded he proceeded to prove that it was by cocking it and pulling the trigger. He was mistaken, however, and the lad was fired directly into a keg of powder. An explosion followed, which blew the lad and the shopman through a back window, fortunately without fatal injury, and seriously wounded some workmen in the rear. The explosion was followed by a fire which destroyed the building.

## A TALE OF A RAT.

There have been times in a theatre when an audience has shouted "rats," and more times when they have felt inclined to catch that expressive word.

But a rat live rat running amuck in a private box during a performance, then darting up the drapery into the dress circle, causing the women to jump on to seats and giving the occupants of the parquet an opportunity to study the latest fashions in hosiery, causes a different sensation in a dramatic representation.

Such a visitor at the Park Theatre, in Brooklyn, last night, nearly occasioned

a panic in the house, and, for a time, effectually put a stop to the trials and temptations of "Madeline; or, The Magic Kiss." In vain the manager persuaded the audience to hold their breath and wait. Every woman in the house, in gallery, dress circle, private boxes and orchestra chairs was certain that that particular rat was at that particular moment making itself too familiar with her hosiery, and a chorus of shrieks and screams rang all over the auditorium.

At last a man who deserves to be presented with a house, an asylum or a monument, as a public benefactor, had the presence of mind to shout that the rat was dead, and to hold up an old brown glove into which he had stuffed a handkerchief, in proof of his assertion. That quieted the panic, the ladies blushing resumed their seats, the display of bright colors and clocks ceased, and the performance was resumed.

It is proper to say that the rat had not been killed. It still lives, having made its escape by some way known only to rats.

Dunraven denies that he is building a new yacht for a Cup challenger, and the excitement for the people of both nations declares that everything is in a state of uncertainty regarding international yacht racing for next year. This is not as it should be. England and America have had two successful yacht-racing seasons, full of interest and excitement for the people of both nations. Such seasons not only furnish inspiring sport, but give an impetus to the noble trade of boat-building. The competition should not be allowed to lapse.

Dr. Doty reports small-pox under control in the city. In another column of the same paper containing his report is the story of a colored man, suffering from the disease in malignant form, who walked into a police station to give himself up for treatment, after walking through no one knew how many streets. This is not reassuring. However, it is probably true that the chief nest of small-pox has been located and practically cleansed, and vaccination has been so general in the city within the last eight or nine months that there need be no fear of an epidemic.

The movement towards securing a better Excise law, as regards Sunday sales, from the new Legislature, is one to be distinctly encouraged, though not to the extent of advocating the Sunday opening of saloons without further conditions than the drawing down of shutters and locking the front door. There are time limitations and other conditions that may well be observed. The present law invites evasion and encourages black-market or night trade, and cannot be completely changed.

It is but little more than a year ago that Li Hung Chang, Viceroy and Master of China, said: "I will tell you what I am going to send. I am going to send over there (to the United States) a fleet to teach the American people how to respect China." Li Hung has accepted a further acquaintance with several facts, since that utterance, through the pressing offices of the Japanese.

## A NUT FOR M'KINLEY TO CRACK

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## BY NEW YORK EDITORS.

We are sorry for humanity. It may yet be thousands of years before the women of the race become truly beautiful.—The Sun.

The New York police force was once the pride of the metropolis, the admiration of the world. And its decadence and contamination are directly traceable to the condemnable example of men for hire and interest.—The Tribune.

They like the horse well enough to eat him in Paris, but we have not got to that yet.—The Evening World.

It is too late in the day (for Brooklyn) to organize in opposition to union with New York, especially since Tammany is overthrown and consolidation means the uniting of two clean cities.—The Tribune.

The Lexow Committee is the representative of the State Board of Elections. It does not represent Thomas C. Platt or any other man.—The Tribune.

Nobody alleges that the family law in general and the family provisions of the excise laws in particular are anomalous and absurd.—The Times.

Editorial Write.

A Napoleon with Whiskers.

Senator Platt takes a cheerful view of the Populist outlook. So Napoleon took a cheerful view of things between Moscow and Waterloo.—Minneapolis Journal.

Blair Rejoices with Japan.

Ex-Senator Blair, of New Hampshire, who was born in China, feels no chopper over the suspected defeat of that nation by Japan that he is reaching for Mr. Chandler's Senatorial seat.—Philadelphia Record.

Left Out One Emma.

Emma Emma, Emma Emma, Emma Emma and Emma Emma are referred to as great nightingales in order to show how famous Emma Emma has gained fame. The student evidently forgot the noted "Whoo, Emma," which Sign. Antonio Pastor celebrated in song.—Chicago Post.

Lexow's Reward.

Senator Lexow has earned the presidency of the State Senate and should have it.—Brynau Standard.

Did He?

Mr. Morton admits that it cost him in the neighborhood of \$100,000. It is safe to assume that Mr. Platt contributed the principal portion of the expenditure.—Washington Post.

Editor Waterhouse Impatient.

For heaven's sake, hurry up with the count in this county and stop the Republican howl. Give them all the votes they want, and it possible, all the votes they need. — Phila. Times.

Michael P. Blake was a capable newspaper man until he became Clerk of the Board of Aldermen. He is a member of the Press Club and his popularity is indicated by the fact that when he went to Europe this summer his friends sent a floral hearse to him just before he sailed. He is a lawyer, having studied at Columbia law school, and when the Republican Board of Aldermen wields the axe he will either return to journalism or practice law. His salary as Clerk of the Board is \$5,000 a year.

## "THE BROWNIES."

The elaborate production now at the Fourteenth Street Theatre is designed for the delectation of the literate people of our community, too frequently forgotten by amusement-seeking adults. It is the Young Person—the horribly greedy, complacent, prudish Young Person—who gets the benefit of managerial money and brains. It is therefore a pleasure to announce that "The Brownies" will appear every fortnightly and almost exclusively to the children and to all sorts and conditions of sympathetic mothers.

"The Brownies" is perhaps less amusing and spontaneous than the extravaganza that have been offered by the Little Theatre, but it is very gorgeous and glittering and creditable, and what is denied to the intellect is lavished thickly upon the eye. The little elf creatures might have been presented more weirdly and more poetically, for they do not quite satisfy the imagination, but the children may not notice this defect, and as they get so little, they will undoubtedly accept this production gleefully. It is only with an effort that the adult can see these burlesques as Brownies.

They might be members of an ordinary extravaganza company—say Corinne's organization, for instance—if it were not for their make-up.

The scenic effects and "surprises," however, are very handsome. The Palace Courtyard of Queen Titania in Pental Attire, the open sea with the Brownies drifting, the Enchanted Island of Dragonel, with an Exterior View of Dragonel's Castle, the Jeweled Nymph of Dragonel, and the last scene, showing the blossoming of the Moon Flower, are delightful pictures, and quite equal to anything New York has seen lately. The costumes are extremely bright and pretty, and some of Malcolm Douglas's music in the act is certainly superior to some of the wispy-waspy stuff that has been served up to us lately under the cloak of comic opera.

Then "The Brownies" is just long enough. There are three acts, and they do not drag. The performance moves along briskly, and it is easy before you know it. The Brownies, for the children, who labor under the delusion that they could enjoy sixteen acts. Success is the art of leaving off early—no, Oscar Wilde hasn't said it—no, "The Brownies" will achieve it. The cast is rather weak, but nobody will bother much about that. Its best members were Charley Drew and Ida Muller. Miss Muller looks like a dainty little picture, and sings fairly well. "The Brownies" will probably be very useful for the festive season that is rapidly approaching. ALLAN DALE.

## "EVENING WORLD" GAZETTEER.

IV.—American Cities—Washington.

Washington is the National Capital, and the capital of the Nation. It is well represented. Washington is sometimes called the "City of Magnificent Distances." This is not only an account of its vastness, but also because of the vast distances between the various departments of the Government. The average Congressman from the borderlands of statehood, these stretches have become more conspicuous since the Civil Service law's advance has shortened the Congressional "rough" Washington is not a large industrial center. Its chief manufactures are products of the federal government. The supply of the latter usually exceeds the demand. Washington Monument is the highest point connected with Washington, except the Indian, the foot of the Millionaire's Club in

The secretariat was in which the new Commissioner of Public Lands had pushed the other Commissioners into the background since he took the oath of office, has amused me mightily. Before he was put upon the Excise Board, the examination of witnesses was left almost entirely to the counsel for the Board, but Bushnell won't have it that way at all. He personally makes the most searching examination or cross-examination of every witness in the various cases regarding licenses which come before the board. Commissioners Dalton and Murphy sit back in their chairs and watch Bushnell work, and they seldom open their mouths unless he asks their opinions. Then they always coincide with him. It is funny how clean new brooms sweep sometimes.

An old Amherst man, who was a college mate of Dr. Parkhurst, had this to say, the other evening, about New York's reformer:

"Parkhurst was not popular with the fellows, and he was not particularly bright in recitation, but he was always an earnest sort of chap and a man of great perseverance. I thought he would succeed in life, but I never gave him credit for so much pluck and ability. This revolution in New York has made him one of the most conspicuous men in the country. I look upon him as the true reformer, and he isn't after notoriety. That's why I admire and respect him."

Dr. Parkhurst was in the Amherst class of '64.

THE GLEANER.

Waiting for Winter.

Why do the colder winds blow to blow and bring the pleasant hours that we desire? To curtail sleep and sweet household talks. Or sweeter silence by our flickering fires.

Returning late from autumn evening walks Upon the frosty hills, while roasting game Hangs low between the withered mullein stalks, And upward through the hush of winter stars, HENRY A. BECHER.

An Appetiteless Steed.

"KYS AND NO RED BILLIONARY."

It if it were not for this the horses would be perfectly happy this week.

Quigg Gave No Aid for His Quo.

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Oh, where Mr. Quigg was your swag.

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Where you may go your long island brogue.

To look up your staff and win on pure bluff.

But in New York it isn't in vogue, Mr. Quigg—where was that swag?

For Kys, it may go in Queens.

Fish as a Matter of Taste.

## "The Evening World's" Gallery of Living Pictures.



REV. JAMES MCCOSH, D.D.  
This is a picture of the venerable ex-President of Princeton College, now in his eighty-fourth year, who is seriously ill.

## THE GLEANER'S BUDGET.

Gossip Here, a Hint There and True Tales of City Life.

Supt. Barnes called on Hamilton Fish, at 27 Broadway, one day last week, and was detained half an hour in the outer room by the man acting clerk, who did not recognize the Superintendent of Police. Mr. Barnes felt the time drag heavily on his hands, and to relieve the monotony of the situation began to quiz the clerk, who is a gentleman of great ability and some little curiosity.

The clerk, with an idea that the visitor was some Assemblyman from the north district, asked the Superintendent what county he was from. "I'm from Texas," replied the Superintendent. He then dwelt at length upon the advantages of that country, and by easy stages dropped into a comparison of the police of Texas and those of New York, taking care to extol the Texas.

"Well, they'd have to be pretty tall cops," said the clerk, "if they couldn't give the officers on the New York force a case, apiece, big casino and a licking."

A fine fellow, the New York police as he said, "that's the Superintendent."

"That's right, that's no name for it. You just ought to read the testimony of the Lexow Committee," retorted the clerk.

"The Superintendent," said to be a clever fellow," suggested Mr. Barnes.

"Never," replied the clerk, "asymptotically." His reputation is made by the newspapers. A newspaper has to do to say a man is great, and then everybody repeats his words.

"Why, Superintendent, I did not know you were here," said Mr. Fish, suddenly opening the door of his private office to let his other visitor out.

"Superintendent," replied the clerk, "if the police force, as he entered Mr. Fish's private office. When he emerged a few minutes later the managing clerk had disappeared.

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Fish as a Matter of Taste.

From the New York Weekly.

New Boarder—No fish this morning?

I'm very fond of fish.

Waiter Girl—Try some of the butter, sir. That has a sort of a fishy taste.

## ON THE SUNNY SIDE

Here You Can Laugh Right Heartily with Some of the World's Merry Men.

(From Texas Springs.)  
Miss Birdie McGlinn, one of the reigning belles of Austin, is not a bad-looking girl, but intellectually she is subject to a slight discount.  
At a social gathering she was introduced to a distinguished journalist from San Antonio.  
"Allow me to introduce you to Mr. Scoop," one of the celebrated newspaper writers of the day," said her friend.  
"I didn't know they wrote newspapers. All the newspapers I've seen were printed."

Agreed.  
(From an Exchange.)  
"Might I ask you to favor me with a wait, mademoiselle?"  
"Certainly, monsieur. See here, the last one of my programme."

"But unfortunately I shall not be here by that time."

"No more shall I."

The Inquisitive Angel.  
(From Life.)  
St. Peter—Where do you say you came from?

New Arrival—United States.  
St. Peter—There is an umpire inside who is trying to know if the Baltimoreans won that cup.

Too Perfect.  
(From the Washington Star.)  
"There's a bonnet," said the editor's wife, "that is a perfect poem."